PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1888.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Men, Women and Children Engaged in a Bloody Warfare.

The Tireless Vendetta Waged by the McCoys and Hatfields.

"World" Correspondent Explores the Scenes and Meets the Chiefs.

A Terrible History Unfolded of a Quarter of a Century of Murder and Robbery-More Than Twenty Lives Have Been Sacrificed Since the Beginning of the Feud During the Rebellion - Logan County West Virginia, and Pike County, Kentucky, the Theatre of the Tragedies-Every Citizen Sworn to Fenity to One or the Other of the Outlaw Leaders-Crue Murder of Capt. Vance, Surprised on the Road by a Clan of McCoys-Twenty Men with Winchesters Held at Bay While His Wife Witnesses the Fusillade-Three McCoys Tied to Trees and Riddled with Bullets-Justice Apparently Powerless.

CHARLESTON, West Va., Feb. 4.



FTER a quarter of a century of a most remarkable, ruthless and bloody vendetta warfare in the mountain wilderness of the Kentucky and West fend has apread until the Governors of the two States have become entangled. This tireless death struggle between the Hatfields and the Mc-Coys, waged with unre lenting malice, has sent of the hostile factions to

their graves riddled with rife bullets, and this wholesale murder bids fair to continue. To gather the history of this unparalleled warfare The WORLD sent a correspondent who has traversed the territory which for so many years has been the scene of these bloody fusillades, single-handed conflicts and recurrent murders. In their rude log cabins among the mountains THE WORLD COTrespondent has heard from the lips of the outlaw chiefs the story of their raids and the proud record of their pittless vengeance. In this primitive com-munity, where school children are taught to use their Winchester rifles with unerring accuracy and every woman wears a pistol in her belt. THE while collecting his facts, and more than once was halted on the road to show cause why he should

The men and women who have played a part in these wholesale murders, arson and rooberies have lived for generations in the depths of an almost impenetrable wilderness far removed from railroads or telegraph lines. The Hatfields on the one side dwell in and control the entire county of Logan, W. Vs., while the McCoys hold absolute away in their turn over Pike County, Ky, Although the fend is of long standing and date back before the birth of many of the present participants the entire populations of both countles are arrayed against each other in relentless hatred, and it needs but a single call to arms to summon scores of riders armedwith Winchester rides and saddle-bags filled with cartridges. While not all of these outlaws are McCoys or Hatfields they are e or the other, an stand ready to sacrifice their lives for the good of oped. the cause. The arm of the law has never reached them in their mountain retreats, and they recognize no authority and permit no interference. When instice must be meted out they become a law unto selves, and State officials never trespass upo their confines. When a United States revenu officer strays through the mountains searching for conshiners he is either disarmed and escorted to the border or his body is found beside the road. Strangers are not wanted, and the history of their welcome rarely goes further than the echo of the rife that warned them of their imprudence too late. THE SCHNE OF THE WARFARE.

The County of Logan, W. Va., where the Hat fields live, is one of the largest counties in that State in point of territory. It lies at the southern of the State, and the boundary line of Rentucky is the Tug Fork of Sandy River, a narrow, rough and unnavigable stream be massive mountains crowned with timber. Logan County has a frontage on Tug River alone of almost eighty miles and is nearly rectangular in shape. Logan Court-House, the county seat, is the only town. It is situated on the Guyan River, about thirty-five miles from known as the " Hatfield Settlement on Tug." Logan Court-House has a population of not more than 400 people. The bui exception of the court-house and jail and a few others, are the old-fashioned Southern log cabins



A TYPICAL LOG CABIN.

When one of the citizens, with more wealth, pride or taste than his fellows, wishes to do some-thing which will elevate bimself and his family in the locality and to cause his neighbors to look upon him as an aristocratic mountaineer, he erects his cabin of dressed or bewn logs and builds a porch and frequently loop holes, made by cutting off a square section of a log in the walls, serve the purpose for light and ventilation. The chimneys are built of small split sticks about one inch in diameter and three or four feet long, laid up in cribthape, one above another, with the interatices with mud. The houses are generally one story high and frequently have but a single room. in this the family cats, sleeps and carries on its

usual household vocations. The daily fare of the people is very plain. Fat mest, corn bread and occasionally fresh milk and

a long table made of deal board by the hands of the proprietor, and neip themselves out of large dishes upon which the food is pildd. The mountaineer has no time for table etiquette, and table cutlery has given place to the fingers. All of the household furniture is made by the man of the house, who is at once cabinet-maker, carpenter, shoemaker and has a primitive knowledge of all trades. The shoes of the family, worn only in winter, are made during stormy days, when little

or nothing can be done out of doors.

Many of these small log shantles contain as many is ten or a dozen tow-headed, frowsy boys and girls, bareheaded and barefooted. They peep out from behind the house or outbuildings, and stare at travellers with wide-open eyes and looks of astonishment. As THE WORLD correspondent rode and walked along the banks of Tug River, over precipitous ledges of rocks not more than three or four feet wide, fifty or a hundred feet above the rocky creek bed below, he met some of the natives, who, upon request, would point out the home of this or that citizen, frequently perched in some cove far up in the mountains. The infrequent sight of a stranger did not strike them with pleasure, and they petrayed their suspicions that the traveller was not



HALTED BY A YOUTHFUL PICKET One afternoon, while riding along a steep lodge of Tug Mountain with his two guides, THE WORLD orrespondent came up to a tow-headed youth. about sixteen years of age, who sat with his bare egs dangling over the precipice, throwing stones

across the ledge. A small squirrel rifle lay beside

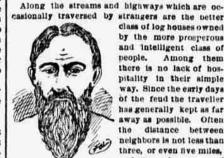
the boy. As the party approached the youth looked

up and said: "Be you'uns McCoys or Hatfields?" When informed that the travellers were not in-terested in the local warfare a look of disappointment passed over his freekled countenance as he

"I lowed, maybe, you'uns wun McCoys, Whether he was looking for the McCoys as ene mies or friends was not inquired, but the guides remarked that he was probably on picket duty. The lad held his rifle across his knees until the party had passed out of sight, and seemed doubtful whether he had done his duty in permitting the strangers to pass on without demanding a more desiled account of themselves.

Pike County, Ky., also lies in the depth of a wilderness. Pikeville, the county seat and the only town, is about sixty miles from the nearest railroad or telegraph wire. It has a population of about six hundred or seven hundred people. The welling houses of Pikeville are largely log houses except the public buildings. The county seat of Pike, like Logan Court House, is about thirty miles r more away from the McCoy-Hatfield settlements and it, too, is the headquarters of many of the participants. It is here that they receive arms, ammunition and a strong moral support. Both counties are rich in coal and metal deposits, which crop out along the hillsides, but have never been devel-

HOW THE MOUNTAINEERS LIVE. Along the streams and highways which are oc-



class of log houses owned by the more prosperous and intelligent class of people. Among them pitality in their simple way. Since the early days of the feud the travelle has generally kept as far the distance between neighbors is not less than three, or even five miles. and the only means o communication is over a

highway that cannot be used even as a bridle path. The nearest store to either the Hatfield or McCoy settlement is thirty miles or more distant, at either Logan Court-House or Pikeville, Ky. Trips to town are made in summer and fail, when such necessary provisions as sugar, coffee, clothing, and ammunition are purchased. The citizens trade for these articles of necessity furs, hides, and "ginsing," an herb which is the chief natural product of the mountains. Many of these people never saw a railroad and never heard the click of a telegraph instrument. They are living to-day as they did in the early days of the original settlers a century ago. Churches are few and far between, and services are advertised weeks in advance by passing the word from neighbor to neighbor. There are but six school-houses in the County of Logan, and those are of very inferior grade and poorly attended. The schools are kept a few months in the winter and are closed as soon as the working season opens. From one year's end to another the natives have no amusements or diversions except an occasional dance in some school-house. The great mountains give them all the timber they care to get out, while rinsing" grows wild in the underbrush. Sanginz," as it is called, is one of the calef means

WOMEN WHO CAN SHOOT. The women do much of the work of digging and ring the herb, spending whole days at a time from their homes searching for the plant. The are rough, hardy, keen-eyed and courage

away from their homes searching for the plant. The men are rouge, hardy, keen-eyed and courageous and of an irritable temperament. Moonsine whiskey is made in considerable quantities, while a vile liquid called "stume," a mixture of apple clder asi-corn when the former is in process of fermentation, is a popular beverage. The women are large boned, robust and muscular, and have a very masculine applearance. They frequently plough, plant grain, fell trees and chop wood. To their regular housework is added much of that labor which in most communities is done by the mon. Very few pretty, rosy checked young women can be found anywhere in all those mountain regions. But what the women have lost in personal charms they have gained in physical development. They are excellent riders, mured to all kinds of fatigue and exposure, and experi with a ride. Since the recent troubles between the factions, most of them are going about armed with petols. The World correspondent saw one woman chapping wood in a vard, and around her wais was a belie which held two heavy calibre revolvers, its asked her if she could hit anything with them and her reply was: vith them and her reply wa-:

''.dust let ———— come along here and I'll snow

The man referred to was a McCoy.

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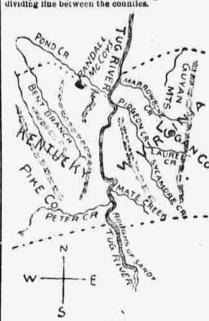
The women are good shots with the Winehester lim to Kentucay, but Ans

rifle, and would think little of bring ng do either a deer or a man at a distance of 400 yards. A SPECIMEN OF BRAVERY.

While the correspondent was stopping over night with a family prominent in the vendetta the old lady who presided at the table told how she had made a discovery of three bear cone under an abrocoled tree while hunting for "ginsing" last



CHASING THE PRABS. fall. The cubs were about the size of an ordinary dor and were too nimble for her to catch. She followed them for two miles until they disappeared in a thicket. This woman had no weapon other than her pickaxe, which she had been using in digging "ginsing," and had no companion but her doe. dog.
The scene of the Hatfield-McCoy war can be bounded by drawing a line parallel with Tug River I wenty or thirty miles back, making the latter the dividing line between the countles.



THE SCENE OF WAR.

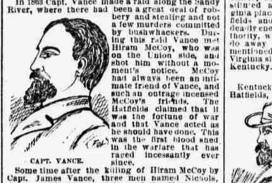
The mouth of Pigeon Creek forms the northern boundary and the Roughs of Sandy the southern boundary, as shown in the diagram. EARLY ORIGIN OF THE VENDETTA.

RABLY ORIGIN OF THE VENDETTA.

Although the vendetta warfare has been raging not more than twenty-five years, the causes that have led to the present state of affairs date back many generations. It is only in such a ringed country that seen a population could be evolved and it is only among such people that the marauders could exist.

For years past the degraded condition and looseness of morals of many of the people of this district has been well known. This immorality, combined with gross ignorance and the evils which naturally followed, have bred a rough class of people, who held no law sacred and placed little value on human life. Quarrels and fights between different families were frequent when, in 1883, a particularly attroclous murder attracted more than natural attention and arrayed the people in two broad factions of bitter enmity. At that time the rebellion was at its height and the breach was widened by the fact that the members of one faction were Northern symeathizers while the others were rebells. At the breaking out of the war Capit, James Vance, who was closely related to the Haili-ids, was an officer in the Conference army and a prominent citizen of Logan County. Across the border in Kentucky the McCoys, a large family, were officers in the Union army, although a few members who had taken wives from the listfield family are said to share none of the present bitter hatred.

THE PIRST MURDER. In 1863 Capt. Vance made a raid along the Sandy



CAPT. VANCE. since.

Some time after the killing of Hiram McCoy by Capt. James Vance, three men named Nichols, Artirp and Lockhart, relatives of the McCoys, deserted their company, which was attached to the seried their company, which was attached to the same regiment in which Capt. Vance was an officer. The Colonel detailed Vance to hunt up the deserters, which he did, and found that they had joined a gaing of thieves and camp-followers, who were pillaging the country. Contrary to the usual custom t.ey were not shot when captured, but were allowed to go free. Directly after their discharge Lockhart, Artirp and Nichols determined to kill Vance, and laid in wait for him close to one of Vance's fields, expecting to shoot him while he was ploughing. The first day they lay in amoust Vance, having received information from some source of the Intention of these three men, did not go into the field. The next morning fars. Vance, who is the bravest woman the correspondent ever met, went out of the house, ostensibly to look for a cow, with the purpose of inding where the men were posted. She caught a gimpse of them behind a fence corner, concealed by bushes through which they had arranged loosholes. Mrs. Vance went back to the house and glimpse of them behind a fence corner, concealed by bushes through which here had arranged book holes. Mrs. Vance went back to the house and told her nushand, who armed singled and slipped out of the back door, while his wife drew the attention of the would-be murderers by walking about the front yard. Vance succeeded in getting in the rear of the trio and behind a tree when he opened fire upon them, killing Artrip at the dirst shot and putting eight builest through Lockbart. Nichols got away with a slight wound.

pulting eight offices through Lockbart. Nichols got away with a slight wood.

THE MURDER OF WILLIAM STATION.

The next trouble of a serious nature occurred about ten years ago, when two of Handail McCoy's nephews, Parish and Sam, killed Welliam Statton, a brotiser-in-law of Eilis Hatheld. It was alleged that the McCoys met Statton on the road near Pond Creek, in Pike County, and a quarrel stose. During the dispute they shot him, seronely wonning him. The Hatfields prosecuted the McCoys, but the jury falled to agree and they were discharged.

The troubles between the factions which had quieted, as some of them appeared to have thought, again revived and grew worse until threats of, killing a liatield or a McCay were

threats of killing a liatfield or a McCay were
common, and there
were a number of fights.
About five or six years
ago Johnson Hatfield,
son of Capt. Anson Hatfield, stole one of Randail McCoy's daughters.
He had been masking love
to her for some time in
opposition to the wishes
of her parents, who
would not permit him to
come about the house.
One night he ran off with
her. Hatfield lived with
the girl until they became
tired of each other when she was allowed to go.
Wast became of her is not known. For this orime the McCoys did not have Hatfield arres out warrants against his

As soon as the word came they tied them to trees, with their hands bound behind them and their feer fastener. The regulators then deliberately stood off and leisurely shot them to death. One of the men, if not two, of Haiffield's crowd pleased for the lives of the men, but Ans. Haiffield swore he would kill them all "three for one." The men then asked Haiffield to a are the youngest, a boy of not fifteen years. Haiffield's reply was a fash of his eye and significant poise of his rifle. The gang then took careful aim and

RIDDLED WITH HATPIELD BULLETS.

middled the bodies of the prisoners with bullets. After killing the three McCoys the Hatfields went away and left them fied to tac trees, in which condition they were found the next day by some one who was presing. The men who did the killing were Ann. Ehas and Valentine Hatfield. They all deny that they participated in it.

The Hatfields were also accused with having gone into Kentucky a few days after the murder of the direction of Mate Creek. The account of the most killing along the road when they were irred upon and both wounded, John in the shoulder and Henderson in the leg. Both wounds were serious, but not fatal. The Hatfields were grad upon and both wounded, John in the shoulder and Henderson in the leg. Both wounds were serious, but not fatal. The Hatfields are said to have apologized for this smoothin, as they mistook the Scotts for Raniali McCoy and his son Jim. There were in this affair two Hatfields are made Mitchel, Harvey Smith and Mose Christian.

The McCoys take A Hand.

Up to this time the Hatfields appear to have done carly all the killing reported. There were a number Killed whose names are forgotien. After the murder of Randali, fr.; Farmer and Taibbit the Coy, Jeff McCoy is alleged to have killed Fayette Wofford Jeff made his escape into Logan County in the neighborhood of Mate Creek, where he remained about two months with a man named Halford, About the time the two months had expired Halford and Jeff McCoy is a wind a man named fall ford. About the time the two months had expired Halford and Jeff McCoy is a wind a man named Halford and Jeff McCoy is alleged to have killed Fayette Wofford, of Pike County. After the minder of Randali, fr.; Farmer and Fabbit the McCoys were the anis distance below. The road how the mountain side about two months with a man named Halford and Jeff McCoy is alleged to have killed Fayette Wofford, of Pike County. After the minder of the McCoys were the anis distance below. The road land the men all jumped to a tree and the men all jumped to a tree and then the

ANGTHER THIPLE BUNCHERY, ANOTHER THIFLE BUTNINGS.

On that evening about a dozen Hatbelds, it is said, under the leadersalp of Cor. Hatbeld, surrounded Raulan McCoy a none, a totale log cash which was situated about ten hiles from the mouts of Pond Creek, in Kentucky. They called upon McCoy to surreader. McCoy refused to come on, and house the them. was situated about for miles from the mouth of Pond Crock, in Kentucky. They called upon Mc-Coy to surrender. McCoy remarked to come out, and to give one day's pay each to their brethren on Be and his son Calvin fired several shots at the strike in the Length and Schuylkil regions.

squard and overtook inem and released the prisoner.

By this time 'Vincestor rifles were becoming pleatiful and their owners could be found testing them and shorting at his state of at work about their farms.

BOW ELLIS HATTIELD WAS KILLEN.

Shortly after the capture and release of Johnson Hattield and capture and the coor was shout its is alleged that Tailoot, Farmer and Randail McCoy, r., knocked Ellis Hattield down and cut him almost in pieces. Ellis lived through the venture, As soon as Ans, Hattield heard of the murderous attack on Ellis he took with him two men, raided into Kentucky and captured the three McCoys who day wand captured the three Netors who had attacked Ellis Hattield. He brought these men, Tailout, Randail and Farmer, into West Virginia at a point on Blackberry Creek, where they held them until they learned of Ellis Hattield's death. BOW ELLIS HATPIELD WAS KILLEN.

Shortly after the capture and release of Johnson Hathed an election was neld in Pick County; Elis Hathed and one or two or hers were present. The usual wind up of a fight occurred, in which it is alleged that Taibot, Farmer and Kandali McCoy, jr., knocked Ellis Hatheld down and cut him almost in pacess. Ellis lived through the evening, but it was apparent that he could hever recover. As soon as Ans. Hatheld heard of the murderous fittack on Ellis he took with him two men, raided into Kentucky and canured the three McCors who had attacked Elis Hatheld. He brought these men, Taibott, Handall and Farmer, but West Verginia at a point on Backberry Creck, where they held them until they learned of Ellis Hatheld's death.

TIED TO TREES AND SHOT.

As soon as the word came they tied them to being left in the brazin: furnace—Mrs. McCoy—sold woman of perhaps sixty-tve years of age. Sixty-man and the sold woman of perhaps sixty-tve years of age. Sixty-man and the sold with the heat secane so it can as to blaster her face and hards and to sher clothes on fire, we on her rished out, only to the twith a blow from the buttend of a heavy revorce, which felies her to the ground with crushed skull. Mrs. McCoy was still living at left accounts, but will probably never entirely recover. Randan McCoy certainly mas been an unfortuna man. Four of his boys and one daugater, an perhaps the companion of his old age, have all bee silled in the deadly fend between his family an the Hatfields, and perhaps the end is not yet.

REGULATORS ON THE WARPATI.

REGULATORS ON THE WARPATH.

Directly after the nurder of Randall McCop's family and the burning of his house, Frank Phu ips led a crowd of McCoys into Logan County. On Jan. 6 they arrived at Amon Hatfield's house, but he had heard of their coming and e-cepted to the bills. The next day the same crowd, now numbering twenty-three, went up Thacker Creek towards Mate Creek, still in the search of Ans. Hatfield, They captured a man named Dave Damron on Mate Creek and forced him to go along as a guide. About two miles down Thacker Creek they arressed William H. Ferrell and his boy. The boy had a line Winchester gun, which the captors kept. Daniel Christian, an employee of Forrell, was also captured and taken along. All of the parties above mentioned were captured in West Virginia on Kentucky warrants. TRAGIC MURDER OF CAPT. VANCE.

TRAGIC MURDER OF CAPT. VANCE.

On Jan. 7, the McCoy gang went up Thacker Creek about two and one-half miles to the residence of Capt. James Vance, but Capt. Vance and his wife were away. Only one of the children, a young girl, remained. The outlaws took possession of the nouse, and threatened to kill the girl, and her father when they should find him. They then went through the house and robbed it of everything of value, greedily gathering up all the Winchester cartridges they found. They told the girl before they left that they intended to kill Capt. Vance—not that they had anything agrains him, but simply because they wanted his Winch ster rifle. After the robbery, the McCoy gang left, going in the direction of Mate Creek. The account of the fight and the murder of Capt, Vince I will tell just as it was told me by the old lady whose portrait is shown in accompanying cut:

mentioned this seemed to be the case on sice west Virginia side, and the same rule holes good as to Kentucky.

RAIDING ACROSS THE BORDER.

Kentucky, after the last terrible crimes of the Hatfields, offered a reward aggregating about 5, 5, 500 for Aus. Hatfield, Johnson and Cap. Hatfield and Thos. Mitchel. Frank Phillips, one of the worst of the McCoy gang, was at the time Deputy Sheriff of Pike County. To him were given some or all of the Warr Ints. At all events, he led a gang into Logan County, and about ten mices west of Tug Fork, in time to hear the Capital Merce and off, and went on down the creek."

"What discounting the pain to his went and the got right there do the mice the got right the got right to be an t

Matters were growing more desperate on both sides, and hews came of an intensed said by the McCoy faction. So much blood had been sized that the Hatfields thought it fair to give their enemies warning that they would receive a warm welcome it they attempted to trespass upon the farmer's domain. Accordingly the following r markable letter was sent to the McCoy leaders, at Pikeville, last August:

"My name is Nat Hatfield. I am not a single individual by a good many, and we do not live on Tag liver, but we live all over tops county. We have been took by men from your county the theory is a first all over the seconty you and your reware using to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking to invade this county for the purpose of taking the Capita and the capital left."

What did you do after the men who had killed the Capital left."

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"My name is Nat Haiffeld. I am not a single individual by a good many, and we do not live on Ting fiver, but se live all over the county that you and your though the following comply that you and your though the the Haiffeld boys, and now, sir, we, 19 in number at present do nouty to take or bother any of the Haiffelds, we will follow you to fich or take your hine, and if any of the Haiffelds were will charge it up to you, and your hide will pay the penalty. We are not bothering you, and neither are the fiathfulds, and as long as you keep your bands off togan County men, we will not anothing, but if you come into do anothing, but if you come into do anothing. But if you come into do anothing, but if you come into do anothing. There is present at this time forty-nice of the mea who regulated matters at the place a stort time and, and are long as you keep your bands off our men arere is not one of you that will be let it lake months. There is present at this time forty-nice of the mea who regulated matters at the place a stort time and, and the was a band of making one-long lawyers keep their boods on, and we have an oparticular pleasure in banging dofts, but with held in our neeks as soon as you make the brake.

Freshbert And Securitary.

In view of this evidence that the hath life were ready for battle, the McCoys conclined to keep quiet for a time. As the Haiffelds throught over hand one coraged.

In view of this evidence that the hath life were ready for battle, the McCoys conclined to keep quiet for a time. As the liaticles throught over the series of the desperances in the find which we know you and have counted the mines and marked the tree.

"Yours, peacefully so long as you keep hands of, but with held in our neeks as soon as you make the sort who prefer to do, if the they have an any including the present and present of the sort who present the principle of the lawyers and probable of the lawyers

11 A. M.

Still Holding the Lead in the Garden

Panchot, the Postman, Only a Few Miles Behind.

Britisher Conners Too Stiff to Continue in the Contest.

Sullivan, the Bangor Ghost, Faints on the Track.

Albert Promises to Do 100 Miles To-Day-Parson Tilly Doing Well in a Linea Duster-Arab Stopt Making a Hopeless Effort-Day and His " Oh, Mary !" Overturning the Dismal Predictions of His Friends-Taylor the Freshest Man in the Early Morning-Herty Going in a Long-Genred Running Galt-The Colored Boy. Hart, in No Great Hurry-Golden Reeling Off the Laps at a Dog Trot-Little Vint Feeling Better-The Swift-Footed Grenser Going to Pieces.

THE SCORE AT 10 A. M.

e	442 8	M.	L	Section 1	M.
ie	Albert	277	6	Dillon	198
d	Guerrero,	267		Sullivan	183
	Panchot	271		Sinclair	187
	Hart	261	7	Vint	194
e	Day	226	3	Taylor	186
14	Moore	242		Larkey	118
	Golden	241	-	Coilins	174
0	Herty	263	4	Stout	148
h	Strokel	231	_	Johnson	
1	Noremac	222	2	Tilly	160
ia.	Cox		- 7		

It was foggy, cold and dreary outside this morning, and inside Madison Square Garden, when the gas company and the almanac officially announced that night was ended and another day begun, which was some little time before Old Sol roused himself and began to make feeble efforts to throw a little light through the skylights down upon the sawdust track of the six-day go-as-you-please, twenty of the half-hundred starters in the great endurance race still remained in the procession.

The others had fallen by the way, the victims of blistered feet, strained ankles, griping stemachs, swellen knees, inflamed lungs and other ailments not counted on when the unfortunates so bravely and confidently paid all night long. The crowd of speciators was in their \$25 entry fee and confidentially in. formed their friends that they were good for three months on the track at six miles an

It looked " easier than rolling off a log " then. It looked differently after a trial of a few hours.

When the day dawned Timmie Albert still led. He had never done anything else in thirty hours or more. And now he seemed to be still good for a week. Yesterday morning he said quietly, "I have laid out 105 miles for my work for to-day. I shall have 235 miles at midnight."

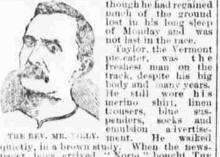
He did bester than that. He had 288 miles

to bis credit when the midnight score was recorded. Then he took two hours' sleep, after which he did five miles an hour until daybreak. The straggling audience, or that small portion of it that was awase, chapped their hands sleepily on his return to the track, but there

was another encouragement than that to the quart smiling fellow who plods and is a gen-theren. His opponents had none of them cut at smiling fellow who plous and is a gen-tlemen. His opponents had none of them overtaken him while he slept. Panchot had slept, Guerrero had slept, and Hart and Herty alone had kept up their sawdust-packing.
At 6 o'clock there were only two laps be

guill six weary nules behand Albert. Hart and lierly must go more than a hundred times around the ever lengthening track before is figure.
then that Jimmie Albert

What wonder then that Jimmie Albert grasped his walking-cane with a firmer grip and set out again with a bright, hopeful eye! Parson Tilly's lean frame was covered by a linen duster, and be walked dejectedly, al though he had regained



THE REV. MR. Yorky. ment. He waiked quictly, in a brown study. When the newsparer boys arrived "Norm" bought The Worns and read it as he walked.

Stout, the Arab, and "folded his tent," fourthyely, and "silently stolen away "to sleep. He was at the bottom of the list, and, despite his confident boasts of how he would de a waiting race so foxy, he had never once made his four and a half miles in an hour.

Lesnite the gloomy torebodings of his expert frends, Sain Pay and his war-rry, "Oh. pert friends, Sain Day and his war-cry, "Oh, Mary!" were still on the track and in good spirits. In fact Sain had bifned freely for bours something about spirits. He off in the race at daybreak. Dan Herty put out the others by setting a

and the rest had testified their discomfort by dropping the gait after trying it with him for a few rounds. But Herty was not fresh.

Frank Hart, the "cheerful colored boy,"

The German cabinet-makers, the Housesmith met in the Cisrendon Hall ouiding last evening. Shop reports showed that all the members were ously.

was the cleanest and most unconcerned of the twenty men on the track. He was in no herry, but kept going. Little Conners, the Britisher, was in his hut and was reported to be in not the best

PRICE ONE CENT.

condition.

Petey Golden, still good-natured, looked haggard and strained. He smiled wofully when asked how he felt, and then did a couple of turns at a dog trot to show how he

would answer.

Bobby Vint felt better than yesterday, and

Bobby Vint felt better than yesterday, and ran when the others ran.

Wyat Collins, of whom it was predicted yesterday that he would fall down before nightfall, still kept up his slow but steady walk nearly at the bottom of the list.

Noremac's condition was also better than it was yesterday, and his eye more hopeful.

Panchot had regained the second place, lost to Guerrero during last evening, and was two miles ahead at cockerow.

What was done for the first six hours of the third day of the race is shown in this table:

THE SCORE FROM 1 TO 6 A. M.									
	1A.M	2 A . M.	3A.M.	4. N.	5A.M.	6A.M			
	2 8 0 203.0 245.0 276.6 172.6	238.0	243.5	248.7	954.0	257			
****	319.0	233.0	237. 1	213.0	248.2	251.1			
****	230.0	235,0	230.7	241.4	240.5	251.			
****	220.0	226 6	238.5	204.1	239.2	244.			
****	1 617 0	920.0	247.8	293, 2	248.3	243.1			
****	211.4	916 4	9 5 9	222.1	225.1	228.7			
100	217.0 211.4 201.0 19.0 19.0	200 1	2.7.8 221.5 2.5.3 215.5 203.7	210.0	219.6	224			
	201.0	201 0	504.7	910 4	217.0	218.			
	19	190.0	190.0	1 15 0	100 9	218.			
	. 494.0	194.0	194.0	194.0	1107.1	100			
	. 118.1	172.6	174.6	# 17 to 1 W.	2 6419 25	180			
***	170.2	170.2	170.2	1711	171.4	110.			
****	-1 166.0	166.9	168.0	171.1	171.6	175			
****	160.0	160,0	162.3	167.2	170.6	174			
***	160 0	100.0	169.0	160.5	106.4	171.			
****	168.0 169.0 100.0 147.3 142.6	101.6	192.5	193.5	157.2	159.			
***	194.1	100.0	150.5	152 5	154.4	167.			
****	1 122.4	127 4	122	1.00-4	138.0	139.			

178.6 181.2 181.1 182.1 182.1 182. SCORE FROM 7 TO 12 A. M.

his change were not forthcoming. He con-cealed his identity, and declared that he would rather blow in \$500 than be beaten out of a red Injun cent. Then he and his

rather larger than was expected until 1 a

rather larger than was expected until 1 A. M., but at 6 this morning there were not 200 people in the big pavilion.

At 8.30 A. M. the men at the time on the track left it. They were weighed on a dropanickel-in-the-slot machine. There were twelve of them. Moore, the Philadelphian and friend-of Albert, was found to be the heavy man of the party, at 151 pounds, while Ghost Sullivan, the wafer, was lightest, at 115 pounds. Sinclair and Herty sound the band Ghost Sullivan, the water, was rightest, at 119 pounds. Sinclair and Herty spun the hand on the dial around to 148 and Guerrero to 141. Collins weighed 137; Albert, 135; Golden, 132; Strokel, 129; Hart, 125; Panchot, 123, and

Strokel, 129: Hart, 125: Panchot, 123, and Noremac, 121.

Floral designs galore were presented to the walkers during the night. The fronts of the block of huts on the Fourth avenue end of the Garden were ablaze with decorations made of the gifts.

Jimmie Albert was still full of hope this morning. He said: "I shall put down 109 miles to-day." Albert did his stint yesterday and may to-day, but yet may not beat the record. At midnight last night, the forty-eighth hour, his score was 238 miles, which was twenty miles behind the record of Charlie Rowell in this city Feb. 29, 1882, and that was a loss of five miles in score over that was a loss of five miles in score over Albert's twenty-four-hour time, 135 miles, which was fifteen miles under the record. Should Albert add 100 to bis score at midnight, he would have 338 miles, which is fit-teen miles behind Rowell's record. Fitzgerald had recorded 447 miles 1,320 yards at the end of the fourth day in the 1834

race won by him at Madison Square when he made the 610 miles record should Albert make his 100 miles to must do 100 to-morrow to equal Fitzgerald's record.

But it is stated by the pedestrians that the second is always the hardest day of the race and that the third comes next, while after that, those who have sood it so far find that, those who have shood it so far find themselves in better condition than the day before and capable of doing first-rate work.

Conners, the little Englishman, retired at 2.40 ths morning, and at 9 o'clock word came from his hut that he would not again appear. He was too stiff to get off his cot without help, a cold having settled in all his joints. Parson Tilly retired at 7.52, and spent two hours in sleep.

Old-timers say that there are in all probabilty five men in the race who will cover the 52 wifes and divide the 50 per cent, of this gross gate receipts. They name Albert, who is accredited to Philadelphia, but whose real name is James Albert Catheart and who lives in Atlantic City; Frank Hart, the colored boy, who made 515 miles in the race for the O'Leary belt, Pete Panchot, the good-natured Buffalo postman, who has recorded 568 miles on this same track; Dan Herty, who once covered 558 m.es, and Anton Strokel, the woe begons Austrian, who won a race in Philadelphia last May, covering 515 miles.

Hart's score at 11 o'clock last night, 226 miles 4 laps, was seven miles better than his score at the same hour in the O'Leary race, Old-timers say that there are in all proba-

score at the same hour in the O'Leary race, and he was fourth in the race, Albert Panchol